Volume LXXI CHICAGO, AUGUST 28, 1913 Number 26

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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From "Verities" by Charles W. Casson

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1913. NUMBER 26.

THE AFTER-GLOW.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Dean Bangs on her eighty-seventh birthday)

Sometimes after a beautiful day,
When the sun sinks down in the west,
A wonderful light falls over the land
Ere the day lies down to rest;

A wonderful, magical light that shines
Transfiguring land and sea,—
And nobler thoughts fill our world-worn souls
As we gaze on the mystery.

And you, friend, are standing now
In life's marvelous "after-glow,"
And its rays make beautiful every line
Of the face we love to know!
And in the light of her patient eyes
This lovely radiance never dies.

August 24, 1913. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

An item in the *Woman's Number* of the *Chicago Examiner* says that four states have ideal laws on child labor, namely: Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin. The facts upon which this claim is made are too meagerly stated. How is it even in these four states in regard to a provision of public money for boarding dependent and moral children outside of institutions? There will be no ideal laws for the normal child until the state, through its courts and other agencies regards institutional life as the grim last resort. The money now invested in brick and mortar, servants and attendants, if given to pay the board of little unfortunate children in decent, self-respecting private homes, under proper supervision, would go far towards ameliorating the misfortunes of orphanages and the worse than orphanages, to which are now consigned so many bright and innocent children, who live in the debilitating atmosphere of these so-called "Homes," the very excellence of which is sometimes a menace to the child's future.

The issue of the *Chicago Examiner* for Monday, August 11, was given over entire to the editing of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association. It is a double number of twenty-six pages and it is an exposition of the Woman's Cause, Woman's Suffrage and Woman's plans from first to last. The edition reflects great credit upon the energy and the editorial sagacity of the women as well as upon their literary resources and intellectual readiness,—the latter fact was to be assumed at the offset. It is no matter of compliment, but of clear recognition of a specific fact, to say, that however it has been in the past, at the present time the center of gravity of resourceful brain, initiative, intelligence and creative energy on intellectual, literary and oratorical lines, falls somewhere in the feminine zone. This number of the *Examiner* will do good, not simply because it presents unanswerable arguments but because it sets the women to work on high lines. In trying to state their case they have had to rededicate themselves to high causes. In demanding respect from the men they have set for themselves a standard up to which they must try to live. We congratulate the women on this "Woman's Number of the *Chicago Examiner*."

No more kindling, searching message was delivered to the public through the *Woman's Number of the Chicago Examiner* of August 11 than that uttered by Dr. Julia C. Strawn concerning the unfortunate girl. She said in part:

> The movement which began in a plea for charity toward the fallen or unfortunate has deepened into a demand for social justice. From the slow recognition of social responsibility, beginning with care of the unfortunate women, through missionary endeavor by the few, it has broadened into a wide realization that the economic welfare of the human race calls urgently for the performance of society's fuller duty to aid and uplift. The duty is manifest and should be thoroughly recognized.
>
> Laws in the enactment and enforcement of which women have not heretofore participated must be enforced or altered, so as to conform to the broader humanitarian views taken by the altruists of today.
>
> And with that must come an accompanying broadening of women's mental horizon as well as men's, that they may at least give an unfortunate and deceived woman the same chance for reform as that given a man who has a similar history.
>
> With the coming of higher education, larger duties, better appreciation of life's problems, greater wealth and loftier ideals, must come a grander realization of women's opportunities, and a grimmer determination to aid in righting the wrongs that the ages have conspired to inflict upon the unfortunate girl. The brand of moral leprosy does not always belong on the woman—never on the deceived and unfortunate.
>
> The future of the unfortunate girl that is at heart good is in the hands, and should be on the consciences, of the women of today. It is peculiarly a woman's problem in these modern times.

There is profound pathos in the story of William Henry Lee, the successful Chicago publisher, who died recently leaving an estate of $200,000 with no confessed heirs. The dead man left no hint of any kin and as yet no one has come forward to claim relationship to one who in life gained the confidence of the business world and the respect of his neighbors. From present appearances the estate, for want of

nearer heirs, will fall into the possession of the State of Illinois. At last what seems to be a suspicion of the real truth of the case obtains currency, perhaps on the authority of his one time business partner, Frederic C. Laird, now of Spokane, Washington. It seems this quiet business man concealed his real origin because there coursed in his veins a strain of negro blood and he was afraid that the disclosure would ostracize him from the confidence of his neighbors and the fellowship of his business comrades. How sad, how bad all this is! How long! O how long! must intrinsic worth, personal integrity, and manly strength be discounted, if not annulled, by the prejudice of race and the unpardonable pride of blood? How questionable is the descent of the purest blood that flows in the veins of the most arrogant white man. Let us have done with this shallowest of conceits, the conceit of race, the bigoted claims of ancestry.

We know nothing about the Rev. Charles Steele Davidson other than that which is conveyed in the somewhat sensational telegraphic dispatches in the current dailies. There may be an element of unsation in these; there is certainly an element of unwarranted harshness in his diction as reported, a manifest lack of perspective in his judgment,—any attempt to estimate spiritual values must take due note of shadings and of degrees; still there is so much truth in the charges he brings, there is such need of frank recognition of the almost criminal determination on the part of the creed defenders as well as the creed makers, not to confess their incongruity and not to make room for the cumulative revelations of science and the growing experience of man, that we quote his published statement in UNITY. There is dramatic fitness in the place selected by this "Come-outer" in which to burn his vestments and prayer-books,—at the gate of Monticello, the home of the great prohpet of free thought in religion, as well as of free speech and democracy in the state. The Rev. Mr. Davidson renounced his ministry and declared his independence, according to the dispatches, in the following words:

"I charge that the Episcopal Church is the gentleman's church in general and in Virginia in particular," his written statement runs. "It is powerful financially and socially, stupid intellectually, and spiritually dead. It needs a change of heart, repentance or utter obliteration. It favors the rich and the cultured and has no vital interest in the poor and the common. It either segregates the poor in missions on the back streets or relegates them in churches to the back pews.

Here, therefore, on this Friday, the 25th day of July, 1913, at the gate of Monticello, at the home of the apostel of the people's political freedom, I burn the vestments of an impotent priesthood—the empty emblems of ecclesiasticism; the mockeries of a royal priesthood. Here I burn the prayer-book—the fetish of a false worship—the idol of the diluted word of God. Here I renounce and repudiate the ministry of the Episcopal Church, which I received from Bishop Randolph, and all digital succession—and I retain the ministry which I received of the Lord Jesus and which the church never gave and cannot take away.

"Here, too, I proclaim the Bible as the sufficient rule of faith and order, as the sufficient guide book and prayer book for every one that is born of the spirit. And here, at the shrine of political and social freedom, I assert the religious identity of the American people—a spiritual democracy against a religious aristocracy."

Nothing can be more fortunate than the precipitation of the *"wet* and *dry"* issue into the horoscope of the woman voter. It is all very well to prate about "clean politics" and "independency from political bosses" and "partisan manipulation," but not a single advance step can be taken in this direction without meeting the ever present foe to political progress, the ever vigilant enemy to political independence, in municipal, state and national politics, namely, the saloon and the combinations of capital back of it. The United Societies, at a recent picnic in Chicago, frankly recognized the issue and forced it to the front. The sheriff of Chicago, speaking in the interest of what he called "personal liberty," called upon the women to look out for their ice-cream, and insinuated that the legislation that now seeks to curb the liquor traffic, unless defeated, would end in the prohibition of ice-cream or similar personal indulgencies. The paper reports a dozen or more women active all day at this *wet* picnic soliciting the signatures of women in an organization committed to the defence of the saloon's rights and the drink privileges. We thank the United Societies for thus frankly throwing down the gauntlet. We welcome the conflict and invite the battle. It may be that women will, for a time, be confused by the issue and throw the deciding vote in Chicago in favor of the saloon, but in the long run, when the issue is made plain, the result is clear. The vote of the foreign women can be counted in the long run to be cast in the interest of the *home* as against the *saloon,* and in the interest of the good husband and the loving son, too often debauched by the saloon man. However the "party men," the would-be aggressive business men, and the women who talk of their "wet friends," may confuse the issue, this is the fundamental issue in municipal politics today, and the women who have received the suffrage will be a disappointment to themselves, and will fail to be the power for good in American politics which they promise, unless they recognize this fundamental issue.

Our readers will be much interested in the report of Professor Charles M. Thompson of the State University of Illinois, on finding "Lincoln Way." It will awaken many reflections. How short is human memory! The unblazed trail over which the boy Abraham Lincoln drove his ox-team into the State of Illinois is now a question of academic research and scientific surmizing. The route over which he traveled thirty

years afterwards on his way to the president's chair, and the road over which the sad procession five years later brought home the weary body, have been illumined by song and punctuated by oratory. Lincoln, like the unconscious prophet he was, paved the way for many innovations. He broke fresh soil upon which has been harvested many new crops of the spirit. Perhaps one of the innovations that is to be far reaching is this unique, altogether practical, and beautiful poetic movement to memorialize the route of the great Ox Driver, the bare-footed president in embryo, by converting the dim cow path and uncertain wagon trail, into a great highway leading from Gentryville, Indiana, to Springfield, Illinois, by the way of Old Salem. It should be a fine highway, tempting the auto-cars of the wealthy, as well as one over which farmer boys and girls will trudge to the "little red schoolhouses" along the way, and farmers' wives will carry their eggs to market, in the "single buggy" that once was the mark of prosperity among the "settlers." With this "Lincoln Way" restored and built by the State of Illinois, the "Lincoln Pike," built from Louisville to Hodgenville, Ky., by the "Blue Grass" State, and eventually,—through some inspiration after the Congressional million and a half is invested in a Washington architectural tribute,—the "Lincoln Boulevard," from Washington to Gettysburg and beyond, completed, a new fashion will be established. Sections, States, counties and neighborhoods will have their Memorial "pikes," "roads" and "streets," typifying at once a grateful memory and a growing sociology. Let the "Lincoln Way" be hastened to completion, and then let some more good roads be built in memory of the noble dead, in the service of noble living.

Editorial Wanderings

A Tower Hill letter which went forward to the printer, unedited by the editor, gave a hint of an automobile excursion on his part. Along with him went his two farmer brothers and a farmer nephew, constituting a quartette of Grangers, partial to the cow, with an open mind to science and a humble spirit in the presence of the Agricultural Department of the Wisconsin University, its professors and graduates. The objective point was Clear Lake, on which is located the Lincoln Centre Farm, a refuge for the city boys and girls of Lincoln Centre, Chicago. But the cow,—what she has done and is doing for the civilization of the world,—was a side study, and the delights and revelations in connection with "her ladyship" during the four days touring were only large bi-products of the excursion.

The start was made over the unpromising end of the route. A stretch of sand in the Wisconsin Valley was a menace to our journey, a terror to our chauffeur. But the hopeless desert, the despair of the agriculturist in my farmer days half a century ago, is slowly being reclaimed, the farmer who works the sand is making money and becoming prosperous, and all this is the result of the cow. The cow means the silo and the silo means rich returns from the whole of the corn product, not only the kernel on the cob but the entire roughage. These broad sand acres, with an alternation of rye, corn and rest, keep up the herd which promptly returns the fertilizer to the responsive and receptive fields.

The first night we reached Fort Atkinson, the cradle of the dairy interests of Wiscinson. It has been for two generations the home of the cows' best friends,—the pioneers in the breeding of dairy stock. Here in Jefferson County, with Fort Atkinson as the county seat of the butter and cheese industry, the Jersey, Guernsey and Holstein have fallen into pleasant places. Love for the cow has developed the clover and alfalfa fields, which are the paradise of the bovine, the fortune of the farmer and the delight of the artistic eye. Fort Atkinson is famous on both sides of the Atlantic as the home of *Hoard's Dairyman,* the paper that is not only read but studied and followed by intelligent cow men in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America. Naturally, as a result of the message of W. D. Hoard, his fellow dairymen have built up the collateral industries that make the necessary dairy package,—farm implements, barn equipments and the Jones' sausage. Next to *Hoard's Dairyman* in commercial and agricultural interest is the James Manufacturing Company, the story of which is a fairy tale in the industrial world. Only seven or eight years ago, Goodrich, the beloved grandfather of the dairy interests of Wisconsin, the sagacious land surveyor, turned farmer, while gathering "cow statistics" in Waukesha County, stumbled upon an exceptional barn on a poor stony farm in a Welsh settlement. The barn was flooded with light, the floor was cemented and clean and the cows were kept in their places by a novel stanchion device. Goodrich, on his return home, reported to his Fort Atkinson associates "that that Welsh boy down in Waukesha County ought not to be allowed to waste his time on the farm; and so they pulled him away from his friends the cows, and from his task of gathering up stones on his stony fields. The stanchion was patented and the manufacture of the same begun in the local blacksmith shop. The blacksmith and the Welsh father of "Bill" James represented the entire industrial enterprise. In six years time that industry has grown into an institution that will do over half a million dollars' worth of work this year. Thirty-five men and women are employed in the office, fourteen salaried salesmen are on the road, and

three hundred workmen are busy in the shops filling orders, making not only stanchions but mangers, stalls, litter carriers, ventilators, and many other contrivances calculated to promote the comfort of the cow and the prosperity of its owner. This company is prepared to perfect plans, furnish equipment, erect buildings and when desired stock the same, with the cows of a breed to suit the proprietor, whose labor in the matter is limited to the signing of the check when the work is all done.

Nature offered a brilliant display of fireworks that first evening of our tour; great thunder works in the skies; refreshing and welcome rains. Sunday morning opened under a gray dripping sky and the proposed early journey of twelve miles to the Clear Lake Camp had to be postponed. The senior editor of *Hoard's Dairyman,* unfortunately for our party, was at his island escape in Lake Michigan, but fortunately Mr. Glover, managing editor, and Mr. James lead us through the Hoard barns, and gave us a glimpse of the great corn crops and the larger alfalfa stacks overflowing the ample barns that represent, perhaps, one of the best managed, best tilled and most profitabled farms in Wisconsin. From there we were led to the still more extensive barns of the Edgewater Dairy Company, behind which name the James Manufacturing Company hides its experimental laboratories. Here again every possible trick and contrivance designed to add to the comfort of the cow and the ease and profit of the farmer, are tried out. Here over a hundred cows each day are cleaned with vacuum cleaners; every particle of hair, dust, dirt, or parasite being whisked away and deposited in a galvanized iron receptacle outside of the barn. Here the cows are milked by machinery,—electricity taking the place of human fingers,—and here, even in summer time, they are offered the most palatable and delectable delicacies known in the cow dietary,—fresh canned goods, the best ground feed seasoned with oil cakes, etc.

After an early dinner Mr. James' wife, with the Boston bull pup, which had a specially constructed seat of its own in the automobile, led the procession. Another automobile carried the Welsh father and mother and the barn architect of the James Company, while in a third auto followed the quartette of Grangers from Tower Hill. The Lincoln Centre Camp was surprised at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Groups of little girls from seven to twelve years old were scattered over the campus; some were in the rowboat some were being treated to a sailboat ride by a neighbor, Mr. Morris; others were clinging to the skirts and enjoying the companionship of Miss Zellman, the Friendly Visitor of Lincoln Centre, and her assistant, Miss Patton of Oak Park, the two chaperons of this camp of girls, then half through their fortnight's outing. The visiting eight or ten men promptly set out on a voyage of discovery. They wanted to see the farm! They traced its lines, noted the soil, and enjoyed the scenery, and after an hour's investigation returned the verdict: "A beautiful site, a promising situation, a sensible purchase, and a business possibility."

Meanwhile, the little girls had gathered themselves on the rickety porch and on the appearance of the guests rendered an impromptu program. They sang hymns and songs, in solo, duet and chorus; they spoke pieces,—notably the Brutus and Cassius quarrel scene in "Julius Cæsar," rendered by two little girls with great effect. Then came a little speech from one who was identified by one of the little girls as "The man who goes to our Sunday School." The program was closed with a cup of chocolate and sandwiches to the visiting guests. It was an improvised demonstration to the visitors of a little cross section of the work done, and aimed to be done, at the Lincoln Centre. This group of twenty-two little girls contained representatives of the Baptist, Methodist, All Souls, and perhaps other Sunday Schools. Mr. Conrad, the young man in charge of the Camp, himself a student preparing for the Baptist ministry in the Theological School of the University of Chicago, had that morning chaperoned a group of seven little girls to mass at the Catholic Church. The Camp had already been visited and addressed by the local clergy, including the pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and the priest of the Catholic Church.

Mr. James and his architect visited the Camp for the purpose of becoming more intelligent concerning a barn and attendant accommodations for four cows and two horses, which they were to plan and teach us how to build at a cost of $600. A friend in Chicago has subscribed the necessary funds to build one side of this barn. Now the man to build the other side for a sum not exceeding $300 is looked for. But the visit shifted or enlarged the interest of our friends from the barn to the child, from the farm to the Camp, and the success of the one will be assured on account of the awakened interest in the other. The old "Hotel" on the premises, which failed to attract the favored of the city twenty-five years ago, because of the more ample attractions of Geneva Lake, Oconomowoc, Waukesha, etc., must be torn down and the material in it be reincorporated in the barn, in the care-taker's, —shall we call it,—the "farmer's" house; in the necessary kitchen and dining-room, in the wooden shacks or the open sleeping porches for the little "kids" who, in increasing numbers will come, through successive generations, from the crowded hot city to breathe pure air, to drink fresh milk and to swim in clear water.

Plans already in embryo were precipitated for a

picinic reception on the part of the natives around the lake, to the Lincoln Centre venture, the same to be held on Sunday, August 24. The Head Resident of Lincoln Centre is to be there and representatives of the local churches are to be present. Saturday is the Sabbath Day in that community of Seventh Day Baptists.

There was still time enough for the farmer tourists to take a run of twenty-five miles, in the automobile, to Watertown, where they spent the night. Early next morning found us in the little graveyard, in which the first grave was hollowed in the deep woods under a great tree in 1846, to receive the remains of the beloved uncle, the partner brother, the first Jenkin Lloyd Jones on American soil. On this little farm one of the tourists was born, and he now saw his birthplace for the first time in fifty-six years.

By going a little way round, on the way home, the Ardmore Duck Farm, at Oconomowoc, was visited, where seven thousand ducks very much alive are on their way to the tables of the luxurious,—ten weeks from the egg to the millionaire's table, from the chick to the duck weighing five pounds, and sold at twenty-five cents per pound. And then, a little farther way round, brought us to study the great mechanical undertaking of Southern Wisconsin, the proposed harnessing of the whimsical Wisconsin River into a mighty water power at Praire du Sac. Three hundred workmen are engaged upon this great engineering venture. Another year and a half will be required to complete the job. When finished a large inland lake, now some fifteen miles in length and from two to five miles in width, will be created, and from this great central power the street cars of Milwaukee will be handled, and the streets of that and adjoining cities will be lighted. It is to be hoped that the water of the Wisconsin will turn these wheels for the benefit of the hard-working men and women who have made Southern Wisconsin a paradise to the eye and on many lines a gold mine to the skillful exploiters of capital.

One closing word about the automobile. The writer perhaps has often given an ungracious opinion about this great mechanical triumph. The costliness, the sumptuousness and the selfishness expressed in the automobile are grim hard facts which compel recognition, but the extension of man's power, the release of the horse, the added social facilities and the educational value of the automobile are also facts more difficult to measure and altogether inspiring. All well wishers of the race will seek to hasten the time when the automobile will become the common possession of the worthy toiler, the man who sweats on the soil, as well as my lady of the boulevard, the bank president and the inheritor of unearned wealth.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 15, 1913.

Finding the "Lincoln Way" in Illinois

The last General Assembly wisely and patrotically resolved that the route traveled by Lincoln and his folks from his birthplace in Kentucky to his tomb in Illinois ought to be determined, and forever known as the "Lincoln Way." At the same time the trustees of the State Historical Library were asked to supervise the investigation of that part of it which lay within the state of Illinois.

When the resolution was passed and for some time afterwards, no one fully realized the difficulties that beset such an investigation. A member of the House said to me a few weeks ago, "We thought that any standard biography of the martyred President would contain the information desired." It is safe to say that the same idea was in the minds of every member of the General Assembly that voted for the resolution. Such was my feeling regarding the matter when the trustees, through their chairman, Dr. Greene, asked me to assist them. Naturally enough, I turned to the life of Mr. Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay, but the result was disappointing. One after another of his biographies was examined with similar results, until the whole range of printed matter had been gone over. The first rift of light came from the work of one of our own fellow citizens, the Honorable J. McCann Davis. He and Miss Tarbell, in their excellent volume on the early life of Lincoln, have ascertained the fact that the Lincoln party passed through Vincennes, Ind., and Palestine, Ill. This gave me a clue, and a valuable one, indeed.

From the evidence at hand the Lincolns appeared to have traveled through what were then the counties of Lawrence, Crawford, Clark, Shelby, and into Macon. These five counties had approximately an area of 6,000 square miles, and contained within their borders some 15,000 white people. Interspersed among the settlements were small bands of Indians, who, with marked tenacity, were holding on to their birthrights and protecting the sacred burial grounds of their fathers. On the eastern side, settlers were prone to cling closely to the river. From York, Hutsonville and Palestine, however, thin lines of settlements extended along the Indian trails to the interior, where here and there were springing up centers of trade and civilization. Communication was slow and uncertain. The more thickly settled communities along the Wabash had a weekly mail from Vincennes, while those in the interior were less well served. Shelby and what is now Coles County had direct communication with Vandalia, Paris and St. Louis, while Macon's outlook was toward the north and the Sangamon country. Between the settlements on the Wabash and those on the upper Little Wabash and the Embarrass rivers there stretched long miles of forest and prairie, deserted of human beings except the occasional pioneer and the Indian hunter. Beyond these rivers to the northwest lay the swampy lowlands of central Illinois.

Everything points to the fact that these counties, as well as those to the northwest, were filling up rapidly with settlers in the late twenties and the early thirties. From the older settlements of Lawrence and Crawford counties came many seeking newer and cheaper lands; with them came immigrants from Indiana and Kentucky. It would be a safe guess to say

that a great majority of these settlers came in ox wagons, and that many of them had tall awkward sons. The spectacle of the Lincolns hauling all of their earthly possessions in wagons drawn by oxen kept to their task by the lash of the ever watchful Abe could hardly have caused a second notice. He was but the type of a hardy throng, and all his uncouthness, awkwardness and peculiar ways found exact counterparts in the people with whom he came in contact on the trip.

If the party passed through York and Palestine, and there is every reason to believe that it did, the road traveled was the best in that part of the state. Its northern terminus was at Paris or Danville, while the southern end extended into Lawrence County and perhaps farther. Indian trails branching off from the road sufficed for routes of travel, and their location was marked by remains and present roads attest their excellence. Naturally they led along high ground and across shallows in the rivers and creeks, and travelers through a strange and uninhabited country could be expected to follow them, unless some particular and pressing reason turned them aside. A sharp contrast between conditions then and now is readily seen by those acquainted with the rich oil regions of the Wabash and the fertile farm lands of Coles, Shelby and Macon counties, but in passing one might well note a change in the opposite direction. Here and there are to be seen decayed and neglected communities where once trade and commerce flourished. Towns that measured the value of their export trade in 1830 in tens of thousands of dollars are now but a shadow of their former selves. As we regard our material progress with pride and admiration, may we not pause and look with regret and reverence at the decayed forms of these one time giants?

While all those connected with this investigation have taken great care to make it clear that no final determinations have been made, and that investigation at every point will be carried out to the very end, it is perhaps not inappropriate at this time to mention some of the places through which the Lincolns appear to have passed, together with a notice of the difficulties encountered, and the prospects of carrying the work to completion.

According to Mr. Lincoln's biographies, Thomas Lincoln, Dennis Hanks and Squire Hall, with their respective families, left Gentryville, Ind., for the Sangamon country on March 1, 1830, and two weeks later arrived in Macon County at the farm of John Hanks. Mrs. Harriet Chapman, whose father was Dennis Hanks, and who is one of the two surviving members of that historic party, states that thirteen persons made the journey. She says further that there were three wagons, two drawn by oxen and one by horses. Mrs. Chapman corroborates Mr. Lincoln's biographies in their statement that the trip was made directly and without delay. With the arrival of the party at Vincennes, our special interest in the "Way" begins. After a short stop the journey was resumed in a northwardly direction through Bruceville, Ind., and the river crossed at Russellville. Continuing northward the party passed through Palestine, which was then the seat of a government land office, through Hutsonville and York. The last named place was also of great importance. It was situated on the Wabash River at the headwaters of a certain kind of navigation, and enjoyed a large export trade as well as being the center of a thriving farming community. Passing through York the party continued northward a few miles, and then struck off on an Indian trail that led to the interior. This trail extended from the Wabash country to the headwaters of the Little Wabash and the Embarrass rivers and possibly farther. Finally the travelers came to the trace of the National road, perhaps at the site of the present city of Martinsville. From this point the evidence is conflicting. Mrs. Chapman believes that the party followed the blaze of the National road, crossing the Embarrass River at the place where Greenup is now located. Conflicting evidence has it that the trail was followed in a northwestwardly direction from Martinsville, and that the crossing of the Embarras was at Logan's, now McCann's Ford. To support this last statement I have seen seven or eight affidavits and a great many letters received since making my report to the trustees of the library. All accounts agree, however, that the party stopped with relatives near the headwaters of the Little Wabash. From this point to Decatur, the next place where the Lincolns appear, the route is in doubt. Mrs. Chapman insists that the party kept in a northwestwardly direction, but she can give no details concerning the route. To some, a more probable route would have been by Shelbyville and thence north to Decatur. This is an uncertainty that must and can be cleared up in due time.

Scarcely a day passes than I am not asked by letter or otherwise what progress is being made on the "Lincoln Way" and what are the plans for the future. To the former the answer is that progress, considering the difficulties under which the investigation is being carried on, is quite satisfactory. An answer to the latter is necessarily full of detail. At present we are having maps prepared of the counties of the eastern part of the state, and upon these maps are being shown the land entries up to January, 1830, and also for the years 1830 and 1831. This is done in the hope that such entries will ultimately point to the settlements as well as give some idea of the location of roads and trails. In addition the various departments at Washington are being examined in the hope that more may be learned of early surveys, postoffice routes, etc. The work has been handicapped by the fact that my only opportunity for going out along the "way" has been during the time that could be snatched from my regular work as a teacher at the University of Illinois. During the summer vacation material progress was made, but since the opening of school in September a great deal of the work has necessarily been carried on by correspondence. If the great state of Illinois is in earnest in this matter, and we believe and hope it is, the best man available ought to be put on this investigation and kept there until it is completed. The investigation sounds a clarion call to the best scholarship in the state; and I sincerely believe from the letters that I have received from many quarters that the whole country is watching our efforts in this investigation.

Some funds, how much I cannot say, will be necessary to carry the investigation to a successful termination. If both a competent worker and adequate funds can be secured, I do not see why in a year or two from now the "Way" may not be as definitely known as it will ever be possible to know it. There

remain tens of thousands of manuscript documents in the national, state and county archives to be gone over; every map room in the public libraries of the country ought to be examined; no book of travel of the period should be be unperused; every old citizen and descendants of the old settlers along the hundred miles between Vincennes and Decatur ought to be interviewed.

The sons and daughters of New England are honored in stone, but which one of them lives in the hearts of a grateful people as does our own "Father Abraham?" Such a memorial means even more to me than an expression of a grateful people for the great deeds of one of her own citizens. To me a "Way," no matter how it should be marked, would be a lasting monument to a class that dared to plunge into the dark wilderness and the disease infected swamp in an effort to find new homes, and incidentally to create a new empire.

Charles M. Thompson.

"Cummy"

The death of Robert Louis Stevenson's old nurse, Alison Cunningham, the well-beloved "Cummy" to whom he owed so much, at the age of 91, will recall the lines in which he dedicated "A Child's Garden of Verses" to her:

For the long nights you lay awake and watched
For my unworthy sake,
For you most comfortable hand, that led me
Through the uneven land,
For all the story books you read,
For all the pains you comforted,
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore,
My second mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life,
From the sick child now well and old,
Take, Nurse, the little book you hold.

"Cummy" went to Swanston at the age of thirty to take charge of "R. L. S.," then an ailing child of 18 months, and it was a good day for the future man of genius when she entered the Stevenson household. She lavished all her care on the sick boy, who rewarded her with a tender love and appreciation which found expression in numerous letters up to within a month of his death at Samoa. "Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of," he once wrote, "if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains." In later years Miss Cunningham was pensioned by Mr. Thomas Stevenson, but she never ceased to be treated as a member of the family, and her talk was always of the "dear laddie" with whose memory her name will ever be associated. "She used to tell," says Lord Guthrie in the *Scotsman*, "with a twinkle in her eye, how shocked she was, or tried to be, when Louis asserted that she, a strong Calvinist, and a strict Free Church Presbyterian, was responsible for his love of the theater! 'You know quite well, Cummy, how you acted all these stories [Bible narratives, stories of Scots Reformers and Covenanters, legends of pirates and smugglers; witches and fairies, and so forth] as if you had seen them yourself!' 'Think of Lou saying that to me, when I was never in a theater all my days!'"—*The Inquirer.*

The World of Print and the World's Work

Address by
HENRY E. LEGLER, *Librarian of Chicago Public Library*
delivered at
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
Sunday August 17, 1913.

(*Continued.*)

If numbers and social and industrial importance warrant special library facilities for children, certainly the same reasons underlie the special library work with foreigners which has within recent years been carried on extensively in the larger cities. Last month the census bureau issued an abstract of startling import to those who view in the coming of vast numbers from across the waters a menace to the institutions of this democracy. According to this official enumeration, in but fourteen of fifty cities having over 100,000 inhabitants in 1910 did native whites of native parentage contribute as much as one-half the total population. The proportion exceeded three-fifths in only four cities. On the other hand, in twenty-two cities of this class, of which fifteen are in New England and the Middle Atlantic divisions, less than one-third of the population were native whites of native parentage, over two-thirds in all but one of these cities consisting of foreign-born whites and their children.

In his Ode delivered at Harvard, Lowell eloquently referred to

The pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her time of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them.
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!

This was written in 1865. Since then the rim of the Mediterranean has sent its enormous contribution of unskilled and unlettered human beings to the New World. There have been three great tides of migration from over seas. The first came to secure liberty of conscience; the second sought liberty of political thought and action; the third came in quest of bread. And of the three, incomparably the greater problem of assimilation is that presented by the last comers. Inextricably interwoven are all the complexities which face the great and growing municipalities, politically and industrially and socially. These are the awful problems of congestion and festering slums, of corruption in public life, of the exploitation of womanhood, of terrible struggle with wretchedness and poverty. Rightly directed, the native qualities and strength of these people will bring a splendid contribution in the making of a virile citizenship. Wrongly shaped, their course in the life of the city may readily become of sinister import. Frequently they are misunderstood and they easily misunderstand. The problem is one of education, but it is that most difficult problem of education for grown-ups. Here perhaps the library may render the most distinct service, in that it can bring to them in their own tongues the ideals and the underlying principles of life and custom in their adopted country; and through their children, as they swarm into the children's rooms, is established a point

of contact which no other agency could so effectually provide.

Under the repressive measures of old-world governments the racial culture and national spirit of Poles, Lithuanians, Finns, Balkan Slavs and Russian Jews have been stunted. Here it is warmed into life and renewed vigor, and in a generous measure it is given back to the land of their adoption. Such racial contribution must prove of enormous value, whether, as many sociologists believe, this country is to prove a great melting pot for the fusing of many races, or whether, as Dr. Zhitlowsky contends, there is to be one country, one set of laws, one speech, but a vast variety of national cultures, contributing each its due share to the enrichment of the common stock.

Great changes have come about in the methods that obtain for the exercise of popular government. In a Democracy whose chief strength is derived from an intelligent public opinion, the sharpening of each intelligence and enlargement of general knowledge concerning affairs of common concern are of paramount importance. Statute books are heavily cumbered with laws that are unenforced because public opinion goes counter to them. Nonenforcement breeds disrespect for law, and unscientific making of laws leads to their disregard. So the earliest attempts to find a remedy contemplated merely the legislator and the official, bringing together for their use through the combined services of trained economists and of expert reference librarians the principles and foundation for contemplated legislation and the data as to similar attempts elsewhere. Fruitful as this service has proved within the limitation of state and municipal officialdom, a broadened conception of possibilities now enlarges the scope of the work to include citizen organizations interested in the study of public questions, students of sociology, economics and political science, business men keenly alive to the intimate association—in a legitimate sense—of business and politics, and that new and powerful element in public affairs which has added three million voters to the poll lists in ten states, and will soon add eleven million voters more in the remaining thirty-eight. The new library service centering in state and municipal legislative reference libraries, and in civics departments of large public libraries, forecasts the era, now rapidly approaching, when aldermen and state representatives will still enact laws and state and city officials will enforce them, but their making will be determined strictly by public opinion. The local government of the future will be by quasi-public citizen organizations directing aldermen and state legislators to accurately register their will. When representative government becomes misrepresentative, in the words of a modern humorist, Democracy will ask the Powers that Be whether they are the Powers that Ought to Be. To intelligently determine the answer, public opinion must not ignorantly ask.

This has been called the age of utilitarianism. Such it unquestionably is, but its practicality is not disassociated from idealism. The resources of numberless commercial enterprises are each in this day reckoned in millions, and their products are figured in terms of many millions more, as once thousands represented the spread of even the greatest of industries. But more and more business men are coming to realize that business organization as it affects for weal or woe thousands who contribute to its success, must be conducted as a trust for the common good, and not merely for selfish exploitation, or for oppression. As the trade guilds of old wielded their vast power for common ends, so all the workers gave the best at their command to make their articles of merchandise the most perfect that human skill and care could produce. Men of business whose executive skill determines the destiny of thousands in their employ, are growing more and more to an appreciation of the trusteeship that is theirs. A humane spirit is entering the relationship between employer and employed. Great commercial organizations are conducting elaborate investigations into conditions of housing, sanitation, prolongation of school life, social insurance and similar subjects of betterment for the toilers; but a brief span ago they were concerned chiefly with trade extension and lowering of wages, all unconcerned about the living conditions of their dependents. They, too, are now exemplifying the possession of that constructive imagination which builds large and beyond the present. For results that grow out of experience and of experiment that also are in part dependent upon the sifted facts that are found in print. The business house library is a recent development, and in ministering in different ways to both employer and employed, gives promise of widespread usefulness.

With the tremendous recent growth of industrialism and the rapid multiplication of invention, the manifest need for making available the vast sum of gathered knowledge concerning the discoveries of modern science has evolved the great special libraries devoted to the varied subdivisions of the object. Munificently endowed as many of them are, highly organized for ready access to material, administered to encourage use and to give expert aid as well, their great importance cannot be overestimated. What they accomplish is not wholly reducible to statistics, nor can their influence be readily traced, perhaps, to the great undertakings of today which overshadow the seven wonders of antiquity. But there can be no question that without the opportunities that here lie for study and research, and—no less important—without the skilled assistance freely rendered by librarian and bibliographer, special talent would often remain dormant and its possesor unsatisfied. Greater here would be the loss to society than to the individual.

Thus the libraries are endeavoring to make themselves useful in every field of human enterprise or interest: with books of facts for the information they possess; with books of inspiration for the stimulus they give and the power they generate. Conjointly these yield the equipment which develops the constructive imagination, without which the world would seem but a sorry and shriveled up spot to dwell upon. The poet and the dreamer conceive the great things which are wrought; the scientist and the craftsman achieve them; the scholar and the artist interpret them. Thus associated, they make their finest contribution to the common life. The builders construct the great monuments of iron and of concrete which are the expression of the age, as the great cathedrals and abbeys were of generations that have passed. Adapted as they are to the needs of this day, our artists and our writers have shown us the beauty and the art which the modern handiwork of man pos-

sesses. With etcher's tool one man of keen insight has shown us the art that inheres in the lofty structures which line the great thoroughfares of our chief cities, the beauty of the skylines they trace with roof and pediment. With burning words another has given voice to machinery and to the vehicles of modern industry, and we thrill to the eloquence and glow of his poetic fervor.

"Great works of art are useful works greatly done," declares Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, and rightly viewed the most prosaic achievements of this age, whether they be great canals or clusters of workmen's homes worthily built, or maybe more humble projects, have a greatness of meaning that carries with it the sense of beauty and of art.

In medieval days the heralds of civilization were the warrior, the missionary, the explorer and the troubadour; in modern times, civilization is carried forward by the chemist, the engineer and the interpreter of life—whether the medium utilized be pen or brush or voice. Without vision, civilization would wither and perish, and so it may well be that the printed page shall serve as symbol of its supreme vision. Within the compass of the book sincerely written, rightly chosen, and well used are contained the three chief elements which justify the library of the people—information, education, recreation.

The urge of the world makes these demands; ours is the high privilege to respond to them.

THE WORKER

They sit in the house that I have made,
And I must wander again;
They have my peace and sheltering shade,
And I the dust and the rain.
Their brows are smooth and their eyes are calm,
Their hands are satin sleek,
But where is the balm will soften my palm
And unstrain my coarsened cheek?

The harvest that I have sown, they reap,
They boast of the weal I wrought,
The portals that I threw wide, they keep,
They father the gifts I brought.
What I have earned is their increment,
The gold of my dreams, their crown,
My life's intent, their monument,
My worth, their rich renown.

Their tender hands, o'er quick with pain,
Would beckon the spirit's boon,
Yet they are dead to the shaping strain
That stirs in the block rough-hewn;
They do not wake the god that sleeps
In the heart of the humblest task.
They span no steeps, they sound no deeps,
Content with the velvet mask.

The dust is sharp in my throat and eye,
Still to my stride I hold,
While their souls faint and smothering lie
Under dust of gain and gold;
My forehead is rough, mine eye a-stress,
But know their brows unmarred,
How thoughts of grace and gentleness
Wear paths that are deep and hard.

They sit in the house that I have built,
And I must wander on;
They hold my cup, but the draught is spilt,
Nor know they how it is won.
I may not rest when the call I hear,
Nor eat the fruit of the tree;
And some may jeer, and some may fear,
But no man shall master me.

In Life and Labor. —*Martin Schuetze.*

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Have a good conscience and thou shalt ever have joy.
MON.—He does much who loveth much.
TUES.—Love maketh everything that is heavy, light.
WED.—Love is active and sincere; courageous, patient, faithful, prudent and manly.
THURS.—He doeth well that rather serveth the commonweal than his own will.
FRI.—Endeavor to be patient in bearing the defects of others, for thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.
SAT.—Thine own opinion may be good, but to refuse to yield to others is a sign of pride.

—*Thomas a' Kempis.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

XXV.

THE BOOK OF THE KINGDOMS.

JUDGES, I AND II SAMUEL, I AND II KINGS.

TEXT: *Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*
I SAM. 3:9.

We find in the Hexateuch a most interesting growth, a final editing of material, woven by various editors, out of narratives they had at hand, into a continuous story which gives the history of the Hebrew people from Adam to Joshua. This interweaving of manuscripts now lost, was accomplished by the scribes during or immediately after the Exile, in the time of reconstruction and the brave attempt to rehabilitate the Jewish kingdom after the return, between 440 and 500 B. C.

In this and succeeding lessons we will endeavor to further indicate the process by which our Bible, as we now have it, was made.

There grew into shape in the early years after the return, perhaps during the third century B. C., another continuous narrative, which in our Bible, is arbitrarily chopped up, to form the books of Judges, I and II Samuel and I and II Kings. Practically these five books are one. There is no reason, except a pedagogical one, for making the separation and it was probably made for convenience by Christian students. In the old Jewish manuscript this "Book of the Kingdoms" is one book.

The book of Judges is a little more peculiar and independent in character than the others of this group, but here, as in the Hexateuch, is found the weaving together of old documents which are represented by the letters "J," "E," "D," "P," "H," "R." In the carefully edited edition of Judges in "The Bible for Home and School" these letters are placed in the margin to indicate the source of the text. The Polychrome Bible indicates the various sources by means of its color scheme.

The story of Judges begins where the story of Joshua ends. Joshua took up the work laid down by Moses and according to the account made quick and sharp work of the native Canaanites and the other "ites," and in one, big, successful, sweeping campaign

took possession of the Promised Land. It is a narrative obviously made up from a religious standpoint and for a religious purpose, and is as obviously incorrect. The names are given of twelve or more Judges who were not judges at all, but should more properly be called chieftains. They represent a period in Jewish history analogous to the period of the Scottish chieftains told by Walter Scott in "Tales of a Grandfather." Judges contains traditional stories covering a period of time, according to the book, of four hundred and ninety years. These popular leaders were all rough and hard, some very bad and others better, and we are told they manipulated armies a hundred thousand strong. This is simply military fiction. No such armies could have been gathered among a practically nomadic people in that far-off corner of the world, and if gathered they could not have been provided for. These figures are fanciful, imaginary,—figures of tradition. It is simply human nature repeating itself. You see a crowd on a street corner and tell of a thousand men gathered there. The police will report three hundred and perhaps there were fifty. The story represents nomadic tribes in transition out of the bloody "grandfather period" of Jewish life into a united government under Saul, David and Solomon.

There is a mass of most interesting, tender, horrible and beautiful folk-lore tales embedded in the book of Judges. Here is found the half barbaric, altogether religious justification of most rampant militarism. It is gory from one end to the other, all under the sanction and in the interest of Jehovah. Here is the quaint, half humorous, often coarse story of Samson, who was the Jewish Hercules. He, by means of his strength, conquered in all kinds of emergencies. Here is the story of the left-handed leader, Ehud, who, by a piece of strategy, mean and craven, worked his way with a present into the presence of his victim, and after securing a private interview and making a nice speech, with his left hand drew his sword and stabbed the pagan king. It is the Bible precedent of Funston's capture of Aguinaldo, but it is a questionable credential!

In the story of Deborah's triumph and the grim piece of patriotism on the part of Jael, Barak, though merely a figurehead, got the credit; under Deborah's generalship he accomplished a brilliant victory over Sisera, then Jael invited the escaping Sisera to rest, covered him with rugs, gave him milk to drink, and while the fugitive slept drove a tent-pin through his head. This story is told with much detail. Jael is the first suffragette in history and if you want to justify the methods of the militant suffragettes you have a brilliant and classic illustration here, where strategy and violence were thought necessary in the interest of reform and righteousness.

In the book of Judges is found what the scholars are inclined to think is one of the oldest bits of literature in the Bible. Of course it is poetical for the first literature was song. This old Battle Song may date 1000 or 1200 B. C. and it is put into the mouth of Deborah, who, if she could create such a thing would scarcely be the one to write about it.

The next two books represent the gradual cementing together of the tribes under Samuel, the last of the chieftains. Here is the charming story of Hannah dedicating her child before birth to temple service, and all through the story of the book is seen the travail of a people rising into unity and a kingdom. Samuel halts between the demands of his people and what he thought was the will of God. Feeling that in a theocracy a king would be an innovation and an intrusion, Samuel chooses Saul, who having more body than soul is not equal to the task, and his fallibility reveals the humanness of the story.

There are two accounts of David's coming into favor. One is the basis of Browning's great poem of "Saul," where David, the young musician, disenchanted Saul of the evil spirit which possessed him. The other story is of the little shepherd lad who was not afraid to appear before the threatening host of the Philistines to encounter the giant Goliath with "five smooth pebbles and a sling." Perhaps neither of these stories are true but we are on the margin where folk-lore passes into literature.

The book of Kings, also unnecessarily divided into two parts, tells the story of Solomon's united kingdom and its division later into the Northern and Southern Kingdoms, continuing to the final overthrow.

In these books are found the stories which were written from the standpoint of the prophets, possibly under the inspiration of Jeremiah or of Amos, Micah, Isaiah and Hosea,—the splendid group who wrote, preached and taught before this book was compiled. In these the theory is that Jehovah brought temporal blessings and prosperity upon his people when they worshipped him and behaved themselves, but that he as promptly brought disaster, disgrace and pain, the moment they ceased their fealty to him.

We omitted in our study, Elijah and Elisha, the two great speaking prophets who left us no written word. Elijah is the dominant figure in this history, Elisha a sort of reflection of him. Both must have been men of power because, by the time they get into this narrative, they are loaded down with beautiful miracles and fabulous achievements. Such growth only surrounds great characters.

The Bible is a storehouse of rich human history, a graphic account of the moral development of the home, and of the state. It is invaluable, there is nothing to take its place. These Hebrew stories are our inheritance and our possession. We are every one of us Jewish in spiritual descent. The physical decent of the Jew is at best a questionable one, the blood has been much adulterated, but the spiritual descent of the Jew is a verity of great importance and value. He is the best Jew who can best conserve the message of these old prophets and fit it into our twentieth century life.

QUESTIONS.

1. When was the interweaving of the Hexateuch accomplished?
2. Why should these books be considered as one?
3. What constitutes the "Book of the Kingdoms?"
4. What are the peculiar characteristics of Judges?
5. Of what history does Samuel treat?
6. What is the history contained in Kings.
7. Why would you say these stories were written from the standpoint of the prophets and hence later in time?
8. What two prophets are spoken of who have left no writings? Tell some of the stories which have gathered about them.
9. Why is there nothing that can take the place of the Bible?

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LINCOLN CENTRE NOTES

A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

"The period of life is brief:
'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold of the sunset sky,
'Tis the fire of a bird on high.
But one may fill the space
With such an infinite grace,
That the red will tinge all time,
And the gold through the ages shine,
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portal of God's own gate."

Mrs. Dean Bangs, eighty-seven years young on August twenty-fourth! Because of the "infinite grace" with which she has filled her space in the life of All Souls Church for over a quarter of a century, a few of her old friends and co-workers assembled around the circular tables in Emerson Hall, Lincoln Centre, Monday, the 25th, to express to Mrs. Bangs their "joy in her being," and their sense of indebtedness to her.

The day was planned and beautifully executed by Mrs. G. W. Westney, and loving hands made the tables a charming picture long to be remembered. Eighty-seven pink rosebuds were the greeting from the Tuesday Class, and a basket of the same buds was the gift of a fellow-worker in the Tuesday afternoon sewings, Mrs. Strawn. When it was time to cut the birthday cake, it was placed in front of the guest of honor by Mrs. Dynes, who was followed in a merry march by the thirty friends, each of whom lighted a tiny candle which was one of a number forming "eighty-seven" in front of Mrs. Bangs.

From the following "toasts" we can feel the love and honor in which this life is held, and let it still further inspire us who have not journeyed quite so far.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, whose work and words are always an inspiration, paid tribute to the positiveness of Mrs. Bangs' convictions and her loyalty to her religious opinions, which, at times, amounted to heroism, "being a Unitarian of Unitarians in a time when such religious views were looked upon askance; in fact, it was almost a miracle that she escaped burning at the stake." She referred most wittily to the loyalty of this "positive woman to the work of our positive leader," saying that in any discussion of work between them, nine times out of ten Mrs. Bangs agreed with Mr. Jones, but usually the *tenth* she *disagreed*, and was very frank and positive in her disagreement, but kept *hanging on to the work just the same*. She referred to Mrs. Bangs' youthfulness of mind and spirit, and as her birthday wish bade her be still of good cheer, and notwithstanding that with the flown years there was somewhat lost and gone, to have *no* regrets and no fears, knowing that out of God's goodness we came, into goodness we go, into whatever worlds we go next.

Mrs. W. D. S. Anderson, the only All Souls "pioneer" present, consequently the oldest in point of church life, reviewed briefly their early church struggles together, and expressed her indebtedness to Mrs. Bangs, "who," she said, "was always one of her leaders."

Mrs. Sarah L. Angier (aged ninety-one), and Mrs. R. E. Wallace (aged eighty-three), had each a timely word and wish, as did also Mrs. Randall, who, after her greeting to Mrs. Bangs, told of her day spent on the 24th at the Lincoln Centre Farm at Clear Lake, Wis., where Mr. Jones has established a camp for the boys and girls of Chicago whose lives are touched somewhat by Lincoln Centre. It is the greater circle made by the casting of the stone of his love for humanity over thirty years ago in Janesville, Wis., for the first contribution toward this work was from a man now living in Texas, who, as a tiny boy was in the Sunday School of Mr. Jones' first church pastorate.

Mrs. Summerbell's greeting:
"We are told not to mention the 'western glow,'
As o'er to the birthday party we go,
But to laugh and chatter—to have our fun,—
Our Lady is eighty-seven years young!
Then lift high your cup,
And we'll give this toast:
To the birthday lady of eighty-seven,
May she be long in reaching heaven."

Miss Liberman's toast:
"The rose will fade and fall away,
The lily, too, will die;
But love shall live forever more
Beyond the starry sky.
Then sweeter than the lily's breath
And than the rose more fair,
The tender love of human hearts
Upspringing everywhere."

From Mrs. Edward Morris:
"Birthdays are not to show
How old we folks may grow,
But they're to tell each day
How young we stay.
So here's a health to you—
May calm content renew
The song your life has sung—
Forever young.'

Miss Lester's toast:
"Friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west."

From Mrs. Gilbert this birthday wish:
"Dear heart, for thy blest birthday be
A golden morning—glad and free;
Each hour lead on—serene and bright—
to happy noontide—peaceful night."

We can always trust Miss Ogden to write just the "right thing at the right time," as the poem at the head of the first column in this issue will prove.

Mrs. Dynes: Surely, I was permitted to speak upon this most pleasant occasion because of my now continuing the occupation which Madam Bangs commenced perhaps I may say eighty years ago. You see as a little girl she went from Salisbury, Mass., up into Maine and helped her father plant corn by the rule of five kernels to each hill—one for the blackbird, one for the crow, one for the cut worm and two to grow.

The fact that she came early to Chicago and was too much engrossed with fashioning this city prevented her agricultural career, but since I have learned that she is *re-reading* David Grayson's "Adventures in Frienship," I feel sure she has still a warm spot in her heart and a green place in her memory for the farmer. I wish to pause over the word memory. This dear friend is quite as remarkable in that particular as my beloved grandmother whom I visited in Wisconsin last Friday. She is ninety-four years young and is a marvel, too. I was telling her about this birthday party and said: "Madam Bangs is so wonderful, grandmother. She remembers *everything* just as you do." She said: "Well, I thank the Lord for letting me keep the sense he gave me in the beginning, but I *did* forget a little when the assessor was here this spring. He asked me so *many questions*—when I was born, when my mother was born, and all that; how many children she had and how many I had, and I said *five*. Then I began to think of their names and I had to own up and said: 'Mr. Assessor, you must excuse me, but *I* only had three children—two boys and one girl—and all eight years apart. My mother had the five.'" You see Madam Bangs started much as grandmother. She had the two splendid boys, but she put fifteen years between them and left the girl out—to be supplied later in the dear little grandchild Katherine. Next to this hallowed home life I am sure Madam Bangs would place her happy connections with All Souls Church from its beginning. Think of the beautiful years in these religious surroundings, and think also of her devotion and unselfish giving of herself wherever the load was the heaviest. When we celebrate her centennial in 1926 we will more fully detail the classes led, food prepared, sewing done, etc. Doubtless she has made millions of sandwiches.

Today is her eighty-seventh birthday and she is still young, and will be for many years yet to come. Yet she has spent a childhood in New England, was a wife in the early days of Chicago, the mother of two noble sons, for years a recognized leader in religious work and an ever elevating influence in the social life of her time. It is indeed an occasion for extending deserved congratulations on the past and best wishes for the future. You are still teaching us how to live our lives and daily revealing to us the reasons that lead us to love you. Your years have mellowed your nature without making you old. Truly might these lines by Jane Belfield be your own:

"For I have thought so long on greater things,
And viewed from spreading hills a broader day,
That little wounds which stung have taken wings;
And even deeper hurts have ached away.

"I may not joy so quickly as I did,
But neither do the tears so lightly fall.
The narrow confines of each day are hid,
By looking at what lieth under all.

"I have become a part of what I see;
Small things that pass count not for weal nor woe;
A vast horizon hovers over me;
The landscape widens as I onward go."

From Miss Walker, a beloved absent member of All Souls, we give but part of a beautiful letter: "For myself, I can scarcely refrain from wishing that which will not come to pass, that I might be with you and the friends who have conspired to celebrate the happy day. I shall not be visibly with you, yet it will not be quite as it should be, if there is no plate for me. You remember the poetic justice of Uhland:

'Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.'

"Doubtless there will be many such invisible spirits present on your festal day, but none who will wish you a happy new year more sincerely than your loving friend, Evelyn H. Walker."

There were other beautiful letters from absent friends, but space forbids all of them. The pastor's telegram, which seemed like a benediction, closed the programme, and so has passed another occasion for giving happiness, and another day of clasping hands as we "called to mind" past days, past deeds.

"Tower Hill greets the oracle of Lincoln Centre, salutes the pioneer and pilgrim in many an onward march. That there may be serenity on the mountain top for Mrs. Dean Bangs, is the wish of her pastor and many friends. JENKIN LLOYD JONES."

August 23, 1913. M. B. P.

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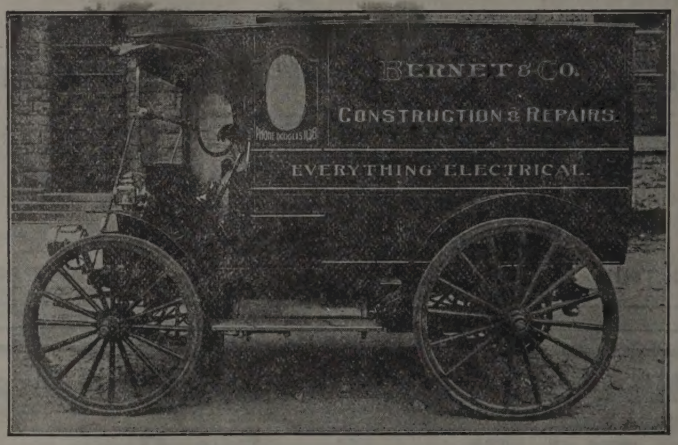

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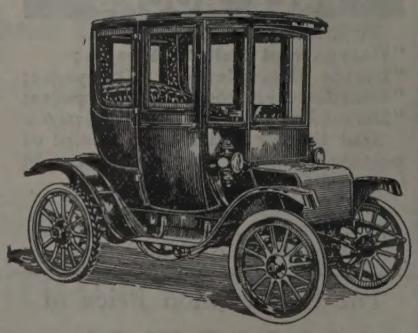

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